

VOL. CXVII.



LITIGATION.

LITIGATION—

To the lawyers brings elation,
To the clients consternation,
To the counsel animation,
To the "devil" reputation,
To the usher agitation,
To the jury aggravation,
To the witness indignation,
To the judge consideration,
To reporters expectation,
To the loser lamentation,
To the winner exultation,
To the public information.

MR. PUNCH'S DRAMATIC RECIPES.

No. II.—How to write a "GLEEFUL PLENITUDE."

(At the Strand Theatre nightly a Gleeeful Plenitude, entitled "Why Smith left Home."—See Advertisements.)

"ELEVATOR," said ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, in a footnote in *The Dynamiter*, "is American for 'Lift,' 'Lift' is English for 'Elevator.'" In the same way we may say, "Gleeeful Plenitude" is American for "farce," and "farce" is English for "Gleeeful Plenitude." The fact is important to the understanding of this recipe.

The humours of a "Gleeeful Plenitude" are somewhat primitive. Much may be done with an elderly maiden lady of mature charms and a younger man whom she

believes to be her admirer. The elderly lady will enfold the younger man in a warm embrace, and the man will express his feelings at this treatment in energetic grimaces. Experience has shown this incident to be exceedingly mirth-provoking, and it may be confidently recommended to the beginner.

A Gleeeful Plenitude should have a taking title, or at least one that provokes curiosity. My own Gleeeful Plenitude will be called, *What Snooks did Next*. I am not sure yet whether *Snooks* will be a villain or a victim, whether he will be wanted by the police or merely wanting the assistance of that body. I shall know, however—and so, I hope, will you—before the play is finished.

In a Gleeeful Plenitude local colour is of the first importance. For the scene, I should recommend New York or the immediate neighbourhood, and the plot should be garnished with characteristic episodes of Transatlantic existence. The maid-servant who "practises" on her mistresses piano and blackmails her master, the venal policeman (London policemen are never venal) and the "polite idiot" (who is such a favourite character with American dramatists) should by no means be omitted.

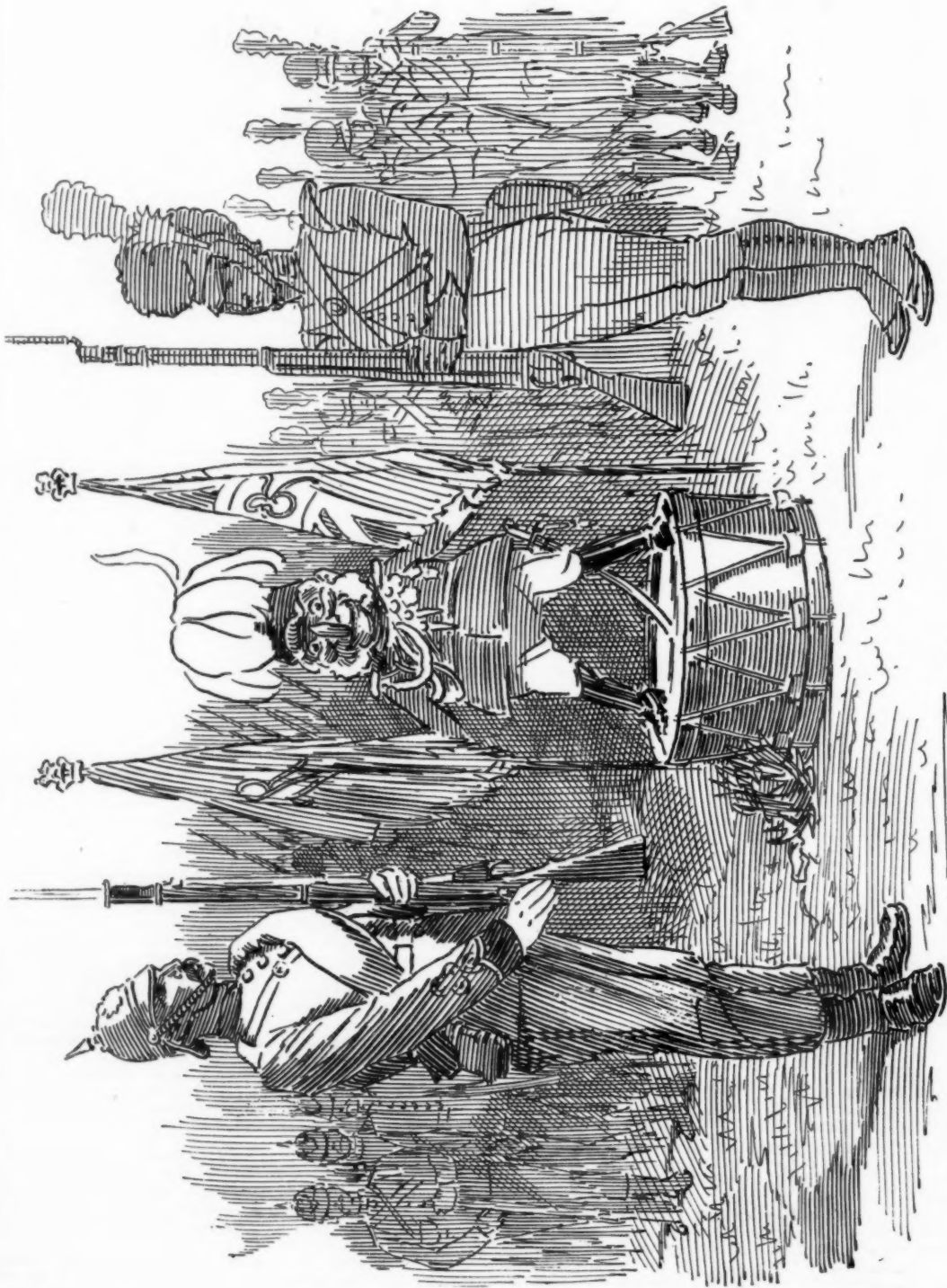
As for the plot, that after all is of minor importance. Almost anything will do. Let the venal policeman arrest *Snooks*. Let *Snooks* compromise himself with the venal domestic. Let his wife's mother—

an old friend this—pay him an unwelcome visit, or his cook play havoc with his meals. There is no sequence of events in a "Gleeeful Plenitude." Make the audience laugh, and everything will be forgiven you.

It must be clear from all this that Gleeeful Plenitudes require spirited playing. The actors must rattle through their parts as if they liked them. *Snooks* himself must bear his sufferings in a boisterous, exuberant manner, and make the most of the humorous "business" that falls to his lot. Let him clothe himself in a bath-towel and call himself a Red Indian. Let him clothe himself in clerical garments and call himself Bishop of Chicago. Let him clothe himself in a horse-collar and call himself SHAKSPEARE. Dress the venal domestic in expansive cheques, and let the whole kitchen staff give a carpet-dance in the drawing-room. Be fatuous, be imbecile. Only make your audience laugh.

You will not find many openings for wit in a Gleeeful Plenitude. Your dialogue should be strictly colloquial, and an extensive acquaintance with the slang of both hemispheres will stand you in good stead.

One word of warning may be added. Make your hay while the sun shines. Seize your opportunity while this kind of piece is in vogue. Its vogue may not last.



A COUPLE OF CENTURIES.

THE PAST SALUTING THE PRESENT.

REVIEW OF METROPOLITAN VOLUNTEERS BY H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, JULY 8, 1899. REVIEW OF METROPOLITAN VOLUNTEERS BY H.M. KING GEORGE III., JUNE 4, 1769.

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PROOF POSITIVE.

(To a Photographic Artist.)

You, who upon the teeming sands
Your calling ply the livelong day,
Whose too importunate demands
Meet churlish "No" or courteous
"Nay;"

Still ever with persistence strange
Your unrequested art you press,
And strive by every means to change
A testy "No" to grudging "Yes."

Yet thus your importunity
Seems of your skill disproof to give—
Photographer you scarce can be
Who cannot take a negative.

THE LONDON PEDESTRIAN'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Are you a Metropolitan pedestrian by choice or necessity?

Answer. I think I can reply in the affirmative to both your interrogations.

Q. Why are you a pedestrian by choice?

A. Because it is easier to dodge a vehicle on foot than when you are driving.

Q. And when by necessity?

A. When the omnibuses are crowded, and the cabs on strike.

Q. Is it difficult to enter an omnibus?

A. Very difficult. When an omnibus is racing a coach belonging to a rival company only an athlete accustomed to lofty tumbling can perform the risky task without apprehension.

Q. Is a cab easier of access?

A. Possibly; but then if the weather is showery you run the chance of covering your clothes with mud, and if fine the possibility of smashing in your hat against the roof.

Q. May you expect civility from a cab-driver?

A. Certainly, if you look like a Londoner.



A NEW TERROR FOR THE UNPUNCTUAL CLERK.

[According to the *Scientific American* they have commenced making in Switzerland phonographic clocks and watches, which pronounce the hour most distinctly.]



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS.

and pay a shilling or so beyond the legal fare.

Q. But if you are not a Londoner, may you hope for the same considerate conduct?

A. You may hope for it, but are scarcely likely to get it unless you increase your payment in excess of legal fare.

Q. Are cabs and omnibuses punctual to their time?

A. Occasionally; but when the roads are up a circuitous route has been known to cause the losing of a train.

Q. When are the roads up?

A. Taking the Metropolis as a whole they may be said to be up always.

Q. Is there any particular time for taking up the streets?

A. At the busiest portion of the day, and frequently at the height of the Season.

Q. What would you call the authorities responsible for this state of things?

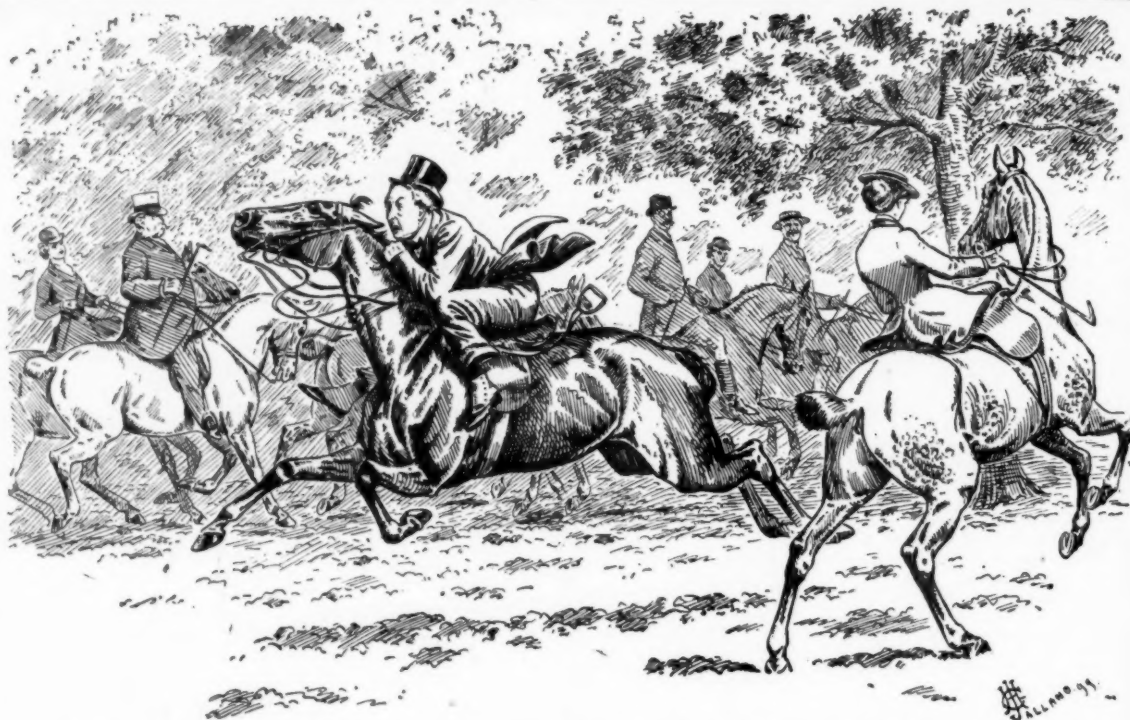
A. If I answered your query according to my feelings and you published my reply, you would lay yourself open to a charge of libel.

Q. You feel strongly on the subject; but is there not a humorous side to the matter?

A. Taken as practical jokes, the various manoeuvres—building and paving—of the authorities are marvellous. The authorities must be the wildest of mad wags.

Q. Taking everything into consideration, how can a Londoner secure a happy life?

A. By residing in a house in the country and never visiting town.



THE ABOVE IS NOT A PORTRAIT OF THE FAMOUS AMERICAN JOCKEY, BUT MERELY A SKETCH OF MR. TIMMINS MAKING HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN THE ROW AFTER A SHORT COURSE OF RIDING LESSONS.

FRAUDS ON THACKERAY AND MR. PUNCH.

UPON OUR WORD!! *Must we speak twice??* Five weeks ago we protested against the fantastic misattribution to THACKERAY of the authorship of many pieces which have appeared in our pages. This literary crime was perpetrated in the columns of the *American Critic*. We exposed their hapless methods, and forbade repetition of their blundering acts. That should have been enough. But it wasn't.

In the new number of the *Critic*, the self-same Mr. DICKSON calmly proceeds with his "nice derangements." We once knew a writer on art-exhibitions who was so colour-blind that he couldn't distinguish red apples on a tree; but he had the prudence to confine his criticisms to artists' "composition," "drawing," and "line"; and, so far as is known, he was never found out. The "*Critic*," now in question, being less conscious of his failing, is, of course, the more ridiculous in the figure he cuts.

Once or twice only has he stumbled upon a THACKERAY contribution—for, even as COWPER said:

"A fool must now and then be right by chance"

—especially when, in the text, he sees a reference to "FITZ-JAMES DE LA PLUCHE" (which, in his quotation, is misprinted "PLUCKE").

We do not think, Mr. "CRITIC," that we need again wade through your series of errors to correct them, for your misdeeds must be upon your own head; yet, to ensure their roosting firmly there—like an Old Man of the Sea or the Raven on Pallas' Bust—we will amuse your readers (who, of course, are ours as well) with one or two, so that they may see how the foolish poacher, trespassing upon our preserves, intently aiming all along at hares, persistently brings down snipe.

"The Cartoon for the Merchant Tailors," and the rhyming inscription beneath the sketch," he says, "are both, I think, by THACKERAY." Does he indeed think so? Of course he does—just because the one is by the immortal LEECH, and the other by GILBERT ABECKETT. But by this time he is getting wary, is Mr. DICKSON, and more unwilling to commit himself unduly. He says of an address of the poet BUNN, that "THACKERAY

may possibly have written it"—though THACKERAY positively didn't, for it is ABECKETT'S. He proclaims that "no hand but THACKERAY'S could have drawn this 'Inimicus of the Saxon'"—notwithstanding that another hand certainly did. He asserts that from our "Fat Contributor" came "Naval Operations"—which GILBERT ABECKETT wrote. He suggests that "THACKERAY may have had a hand in 'Jeames' Forbidden Church'"—the undivided glory of which belongs to DOUGLAS JERROLD. And now, becoming more than ever timid the further he gets out of his depth, he hazards the courageous and valuable opinion—"I think I discover traces of his fancy in the text" of another paper which THACKERAY never saw till it was in print. There are other blunders about which we cannot trouble; indeed, the *Critic* and his DICKSON seem to be only quite happy and confident when they have the authority of previous writers—and even then, in one case at least, they blithely appropriate a misstatement which they have not the wit to discover or correct. But we are not going to tell them what it is.

THACKERAY'S memory (like that of the rest of our Staff) is very dear to us, and we will not have men, in whose minds the words "worship" and "batten" are strangely confounded, play tricks with his bibliography, and our own.

PUNCH.

"LEST WE FORGET! LEST WE FORGET!"—An excellent phrase that has "caught on" generally. But in spite of its distinguished poetic authorship, will it not follow canine fashion, have its day, and then will not "lest we forget" be itself forgotten? Perhaps not; but will it have anything like the long life of "Please to remember," coupled with "the 5th of November," which, after a couple of centuries, is only now dying out and dropping into the limbo of forgotten sayings—and doings? So the present writer makes this mem. while he thinks of it, "lest he forget! lest he forget!" What a motto for a dun! Chorus of creditors at front door just as Mr. HARDUP is starting for Boulogne,—"Lest he forget! Lest he forget!" By the way, it is judicious to keep the public informed of Mr. KIPLING'S movements, as to "where he goes and how he fares," as to what he is doing, and what he intends to do, "Lest we forget! Lest we forget!"

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

["The police have just discovered a Beggars' Trust. There appears to be a house which supplies to the beggars bogus wooden arms, legs, hump-backs, pitiful placards, &c., and in return for certain payments, provides them with old age pensions."—*Daily Paper*.]

I AM a son of Peace, and I do my best to fleece
All the charitable geese, as 'is but just;
From the schoolgirl with her sash on, to the height of rank and
fashion,
I work on their compassion with the aid of the Trust.

For example, I will beg with a bogus wooden leg,
And trail my sorry peg through the mud and the dust;
Or if there is a slump in wooden legs, I stump
With a dromedary's hump, which is lent by the Trust.

Or if people will not spend on a hunch-back, then I send
For a little card, "Kind friend, give the blind man a crust,"
Or I tramp this modern Babel as a mute: I 'm always able
To secure a change of label with the aid of the Trust.

And lastly I provide for life's gloomy eventide,
When I 'm old and laid aside, and beginning to rust,
For it's worthy the attention of some folk that I could mention,
That I draw an Old Age Pension with the aid of the Trust.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Howell's State Trials, brought out in twenty-one volumes by eleven eminent publishing firms, working in what is known in the mining world as "shifts," is obviously not available for us all. Mr. H. L. STEPHEN recognising this fact, has met the difficulty by a compilation from the monumental work, a sort of skimming of the cream off the spacious milk-pan. The result is a fascinating work issued by Messrs. DUCKWORTH in two handy volumes. Mr. STEPHEN modestly excuses himself for not dealing with some famous cases because WALTER SCOTT and STEVENSON have been first in the field, using personages and plot for *Waverley* and *Katrina*. What is left is, in human interest, more entrancing than the average novel. It is quite a new sensation to read a verbatim report of the principal passages of the trial of CHARLES THE FIRST exactly as if it happened yesterday, and the report were served up at breakfast in our morning paper. All the trials, whether of high State portent or of flat burglary, are intensely interesting. My Baronite notes, more especially in the trial of Sir WALTER RALEIGH and of ALICE LISLE, how the bullying of the prisoner in the dock by the judge and prosecuting counsel, which shocks us so much when it happens to-day in French trials, was of common practice in the English courts of four hundred years ago. WALTER RALEIGH, indomitable to the last, gave as much as he got. "I want words to express thy viperous treasons," said the bullying Attorney-General, Sir EDWARD COKE. "I think you want words indeed," said RALEIGH, "for you have spoken one thing half a dozen times."

Mr. H. G. WELLS, in his latest book, *The Wheels of Chance* (DENT & Co.), is cynically humorous. As in WARREN'S *Ten Thousand a Year*, in HOOK'S *Jack Brag*, and in THACKERAY'S *James*, there is a pathetic strain running throughout, so that it is impossible for the reader not to feel some compassion for the silly adventurer, while laughing heartily at his adventures. The character of the runaway girl trying to emancipate herself is delicately drawn. The descriptions of the varied scenery through which the wheels of chance are worked by the fugitive bikers, contribute largely to the charm of the book. There are a few farcical characters, "extras," so to speak, introduced in a sketchy fashion, who are all brought on to form a tableau before the curtain falls, and the reader is judiciously left in the dark to wonder what will become of Mr. Hoopdriver and the young Lady in Grey, and whether he will rise in the world, achieve a position, and meet her once again in time to offer his hand, a fortune, and a title, or whether this biking holiday will only be an addition to his list of lost opportunities. Sometimes in style and in his choice of unusual words, Mr. WELLS presents himself to us as a living student of CHARLES LAMB.

Lieut.-Col. NEWNHAM DAVIS, author of an almost perfect dinner-guide-book for those who, knowing how they ought to dine, are as yet strangers to the many excellent restaurations and hotels which can provide the Londoner, tired of dining *chez lui*, and the visitor to London, with dinners equal to anything that can be obtained in Paris, has done the State some excellent dinner service. This hand to mouth (and pocket)



A CHOICE OF EVILS.

Dicky. "YOU OUGHT NOT TO RIDE ON THE FOOTPATH, ELSIE. YOU ARE BREAKING THE LAW, YOU KNOW!"

Elsie. "YES, DEAR, BUT THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD IS SO ROUGH! I'D RATHER BREAK THE LAW HERE, THAN MY NECK THERE!"

manual is entitled *Dinners and Diners* (GRANT RICHARDS), and consists of articles republished from the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Every Londoner should read it, mark it, and the digesting process will come afterwards. To the sojourner in the metropolis it will be invaluable. Yet the gallant Colonel, who has bravely faced so many big charges, has omitted from his visiting list one of the very best, though it may be one of the smallest, restaurations within less than a hundred yards of St. George's Church, Hanover Square. What is its style and title? Well, the place has been guardedly mentioned, more than once, in these pages; and if now we only allude to the honoured name of the Italian composer whose great work, *Nôrma*, has been so recently revived at Covent Garden, the Baron will have given the Colonel hint sufficient to put him on the right track. That he may dine there in first-rate style, in good company, at a very reasonable price, and live happily ever after, is the sincere wish of
THE BARON DE B.-W.

A CRITICISM AND A REPLY.—Remarking on our Parliamentary artist's usual admirable presentment of Mr. JOHN MORLEY, a friendly critic said, "But surely he has not quite such pointed features as are here portrayed." "Not quite, perhaps," was the reply, in justification of the gifted draughtsman's work, "but our artist, without sacrificing too much to truth, would not have the heart to represent him with dis-appointed features."

In one of its Political Notes for Tuesday last week, the *Times* announced that "Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is expected to speak fairly early on Thursday." A somewhat ambiguous wording, as it can be taken to mean that "early on Thursday Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is expected to speak fairly." But as this is rather too much to expect of any political leader, the alternative interpretation must be preferred.



JONES HAS RECENTLY TAKEN UP GOLF. HE IS ALREADY PROFICIENT IN ONE DEPARTMENT
—THE ART OF ADDRESSING THE BALL.

TAMMANY EXPOSED;

OR, THE WHITELEY WORM THAT TURNED.

"NOT to put the matter lightly,
There'll be damage done to-day,"—
Said the lesser Mister WHITELEY,
Not the one from Westbourne way—
"There'll be scalps that need repairing
Ere my moistened lips are mute,
For the Tories will be tearing
Out their ringlets by the root.

"You have paid for votes with victuals,
And your troth has stood for hire;
You have ladled beer and skittles
Down the gullet of the squire;
You have pilfered public money
To relieve your own elect;
You have hived the nation's honey
For the suction of a sect.

"Tis your latest deal in doling—
Aid to clerics, out at knees!
Why, I fancied they were rolling
In the lap of lordly ease!

Had it only chanced to strike me
Theirs was such a straitened lot,
I, and half a dozen like me,
Would have cleared them on the spot.

"Whence is drawn your drain of dollars?
From the brewer's reeking vat?
From the men of flawless collars?
From the plumed bloaterat?
No, it issues from the horny
Hands of such as toil and groan!
Coin they meant to put on MORNAY
Or the patent certs of SLOAN.

"Speaking as a man of cotton,
One who rakes the shekels in,
Well and honourably gotten
Out of those that toil and spin,—
Knowing what they get for guerdon
I am here prepared to vouch
That they cannot bear the burden
Laid by BEACH upon their pouch.

"Artless braves, the flower of Britain,
Whom you ogled in the face,

Who by fair grimaces smitten
Gave your party power and place—
These, if I can read them rightly,
As I do beyond a doubt,
With the help of me, of WHITELEY,
Shortly hope to hoof you out!

"In the name of all the boroughs,
Not excluding Stockport town,
From my forehead scored with furrows
Lo, I lay my laurels down!
I have been too long acquainted
With a questionable tribe,
Tarred by TAMMANY and tainted
By the brush of them that bribe.

"Though the note I'm now emitting
Be the swan's expiring wail;
Though I here vacate my sitting
And assume the Chiltern veil;
I shall sound my final crotchet
With a firm and strenuous trill;
I shall take my vote and notch it
Deep against this deadly Bill."

NO RIDDLE, BUT A TRUE REDE.

SAID the Rush to the Reed,
"You are very nice indeed!"
SAID the Reed to the Rush,
"You compel me to blush!"

Explanation of above rhyme quite simple.
All you have to do is to join the General
Rush and go to see our particular REED
(Mr. E. T.). Large numbers of him are on
view just now at the Gallery of the Very
Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street.
They are as gentle as they are firm; and
their points, though quite sharp, never
hurt anybody badly.

AFTER SUPPER.

(An Old Song Reversed.)

"WHEN the bosom heaves a sigh,"
After eating pigeon-pie;
"When the heart o'erflows with grief,"
Veal and ham won't bring relief;
When the joys of life are fled,
Lobster-salad weighs like lead;
When you hate the world's cold ways,
After too much mayonnaise.

When fair Nature fails to please,
Thro' not stinting Stilton cheese;
When you find that love is vain,
Port don't mix well with champagne;
When this earth is all ajar
Thro' that beastly big cigar;
When each nerve appears to ache
Green Chartreuse is a mistake.

Envoy.

To alleviate your distress,
Try a stiffish B. & S.;
Later, when your sorrows stop,
Eat a plain grilled mutton chop,
With a *pomme au naturel*—
Soon you will be feeling well.

A VIOLINIST WITHOUT PRETENCE.—When
Mr. HENRY SUCH gives a violin recital he
appeals to the musical public without any
unnecessary flourishes. He does not style
himself, for example, "JOACHIM Junior,"
or "The Present PAGANINI," or "The
Second SARASATE," but trusting to his
own merits, on which modest men are
dumb as dum-dum bullets, Mr. SUCH simply
describes himself "as SUCH." *Voilà tout.*



THE BOER AT BAY.





FEMININE PINPRICKS.

"WELL, I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING IN HER—IN FACT, I THINK SHE'S POSITIVELY PLAIN."
 "OH, DO YOU THINK SO! I ONLY WISH I WERE HALF AS LOVELY."
 "YOU ARE, DARLING."

HENLEY—A REVERIE.

I VAGUELY remember a vision
 Of launches and paddles and oars,
 Of various boats in collision,
 And various lightly clad "fours";
 Of damsels in summery dresses,
 Some pretty, some possibly plain,
 And oh! my fond wish, I confess, is
 To have it all over again!

I remember a struggle for places
 As soon as the luncheon was done,
 And I rather believe there were races
 Which probably somebody won.
 But that is all hopelessly hazy,
 For what in the world did I care
 When MAISIE, adorable MAISIE,
 My own little MAISIE was there?

I remember a backwater shady
 Where swallows a-twittering flew,

And I still see a sweet little lady
 In the bows of a birch-bark canoe.
 A flutter of ribbons and laces,
 The gleam of a glossy brown curl,
 And the sweetest of sweet pretty faces,
 The face of my own little girl.

We paddled by silvery willows,
 We moored ourselves under a tree,
 While the dear little miniature billows
 Made music for MAISIE and me.
 We talked of the joys of the river, I
 We voted the races a bore,
 And we warmly agreed that we never
 Had really enjoyed them before.

And MAISIE looked simply delicious,
 And her lips were so tempting that I,
 Inspired by the moment auspicious,
 Entirely forgot to be shy.
 And I vowed and I made protestations,
 And swore I would ever be true,

Till the force of my fond declarations
 Endangered the birch-bark canoe.

The rest of our doings are folded
 In secrecy silent as Fate,
 But I know we were thoroughly scolded
 For keeping the dinner so late.
 And as for the blessed Regatta,
 Not the prick of a pin did I care,
 For oh! what the deuce did it matter
 When MAISIE, my MAISIE, was there?

OUR LEGAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NOVICE.—(a.) Don't, unless you want penal servitude for life. (b.) Any respectable burglar. (c.) We do not answer questions on chiropody in this column.

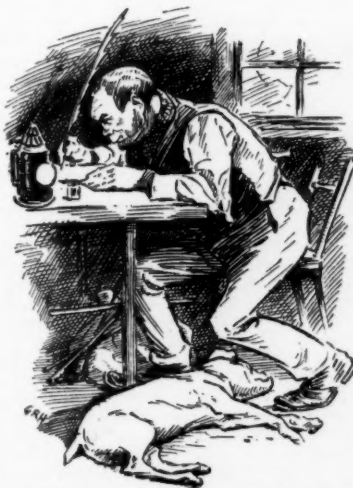
HARD UP.—Brougham on Conveyances will explain whether your contract to purchase the motor-car is binding or not.

FARMER.—It is either an "escrow" or a scarecrow, impossible to state definitely without further information.

B. AND S.—There is no reduction (of the fine) in taking a quantity—generally the reverse.

THE POINT OF VIEW.—II.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, — Will you let me sound a note of warning? The danger before this country—as Lord WEMYSS has pointed out—is SOCIALISM! i.e., *Interference with the liberty of the subject*. Now, Sir, I am a plain working-man, and all I want is to be let alone, to get on with my work. But what do we find? Silly rules and regulations and sillier policemen everywhere. Why, Sir, you and I run the danger, any night, of being copped—I beg pardon—arrested, for some trumpery offence. And what is a man offered in return? The "First Offenders Act," forsooth! As if that would be of any use to you, Mr. Punch, or to me! As an honest citizen I am glad to pay my share for the police, but let them keep to their proper sphere—the area—and allow busy men like you and me to go our ways in "Peace." Unless I have some guarantee that these



views are shared by the leader of the Liberal Party (whose name, at the moment, I have mislaid), I shall withhold my vote at the next election. Yours respectfully,
 WILLIAM SYKES.



OUR RESERVES.

Adjutant. "ARE YOU THE COSSACK POST?"

Yeomanry Sergeant. "YES, SIR."

Adjutant. "WHERE IS YOUR DISMOUNTED SENTRY?"

Sergeant. "UP THERE, SIR."

Adjutant. "WHERE ARE YOUR VEDETTES?"

Sergeant. "OVER THERE, SIR."

Adjutant. "AH—WHAT IS A VEDETTE?"

Sergeant (producing drill-book). "P'RAPS THIS LITTLE RED BOOK MIGHT HELP YOU, SIR!"

HOW TO MAKE THE ACADEMY POPULAR.

(Without Lord Stanley of Alderley's Royal Commission.)

NEVER hang any good pictures. Some of the rejected outsiders might say this is the rule at present, but that would only be their opinion, due to venomous spite. The public does not appreciate good pictures.

Admit only those which tell a story. Also pictures of babies, tea-parties, croquet, curates, and kittens. The public can understand all these. Also simple landscapes, such as Mr. DAVID MURRAY'S.

Exclude all portraits. It is true that portraits were painted by VELASQUEZ, REMBRANDT, TITIAN, and others in those ignorant times when education was not universal, and photography was unknown. But the public does not care for portraits. There are plenty of photographs in the shop windows to be seen for nothing.

Relate the story of each picture in the catalogue, thus:—"Home, Sweet Home." In the foreground we see the baby in a white frock playing with a ball. Behind is a white kitten about to run after the ball. At one side we see the mother of the baby pouring out a cup of tea for her husband, and through the open window we perceive the baby's youthful aunt playing croquet with the curate. This charming representation of those beautiful home affections, which have made the British Empire what it is, we owe to the talented brush of Mr.

DASH BLANK, R.A., who resides in a delightful country home, crowded with exquisite curios, and beautified by the presence of Mrs. DASH BLANK and their lovely children. It is said that the baby in the picture is a portrait of their own infant." That is the sort of catalogue the public would appreciate, and willingly buy for a shilling. It would have to be in three volumes, each of them much thicker than Bradshaw, but the mere cost of paper and printing should not deter us from making art popular.

Encourage the use of elaborate frames. The public will often admire a handsome frame more than the picture it encloses.

Exclude all sculpture. The public does not care for it. A shield of cheerful coloured enamels, the subjects of which could be described in the catalogue, might be admitted occasionally. Domestic subjects would be preferable. A shield need not be warlike in appearance. The abolition of sculpture would leave more space for subject pictures in the Lecture Room.

Exclude all black and white work. The public likes colour; plenty of nice, cheerful colour, as in hunting coats.

Exclude all architectural drawings. As, however, the room, hitherto devoted to these, serves as a resting place for eyes as well as limbs, it would be a mistake to hang pictures on the walls. They should be coloured a shade of suitable green, to be selected by a committee of oculists. As a tribute to the sister art of music, an orchestra might play soothing airs, or a

gramophone might sing with such nasal softness as it could achieve. Sofas would afford resting places. Drinks should be obtainable at the lowest possible price.

Refreshments should be served in the basement as at present. But they would be much more appreciated if one payment of half-a-crown on entering entitled each person to admission, one copy of the three-volume catalogue, and unlimited tea and buns. The public likes paying in a lump.

The Central Hall, having so little wall space for subject pictures, should be devoted to some other purpose. Its shape suggests the game of *Petits Chevaux* in the middle. The public would be delighted with such a novel attraction. It might not, however, be legal. In that case a military band, or some performing animals, might suffice.

If all these improvements were made, the Academy, as desired by Lord STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, would indeed "rest on a wider and more liberal basis, and be viewed as a national institution."

FROM WIMBLEDON.—Q. Why is the Tennis champion the favourite of the ladies? A. Because of his winning ways.

THE BEST ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN BOOKS (the Universal selection).—The Volumes of *Punch*.

NATURE'S FIRST-BORN.—The Sun and Air.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, June 26.—Painful scene in Lords to-night. House in Committee on London Government Bill; benches crowded; side galleries thronged with a dream of fair women. COURTNEY standing among Privy Councillors on steps of Throne, his yellow waistcoat perilously extended with glow of satisfaction. In the Commons he had carried amendment providing that lovely woman might not only be a councillor in the new municipal bodies, but eke an alderwoman. Now comes DUNRAVEN with the abhorred shears, and threatens to cut this thin spun thread. Hope of womankind of the aldermanic type centres on the MARKISS; also it lingers round the grandmotherly form and figure of the LORD CHANCELLOR, seated in wig and gown next to his revered chief. HALSBURY'S recorded speeches on this subject all in favour of giving woman something to do outside the prosaic circle of home-life. Now, when the aldermanic chair opens its arms to embrace her, she might well expect LORD CHANCELLOR to trip along by her side leading her to the chaste encounter.

After all, the LORD CHANCELLOR is a mere man; to-night he lived up to man's reputation for faithlessness. What between Turkish question and Vaccination his eyes had, he said, been opened to the frailty of woman; could no longer trust her in administration of public affairs. His apparent inconstancy to woman he regretted; an added pang was the gulf opened between him and the MARKISS.

"It is the first time," he said, turning and regarding his noble friend with teardimmed eyes, "since I entered the House that I have voted against him."

MARKISS, ill-accustomed to restrain his emotions, blew his nose with suspicious fervour, bent his head so that the vulgar eye should not detect his emotion. There followed an agonising moment of suspense. The countesses in the gallery quite expected to see the LORD CHANCELLOR fling himself on the breast of his noble friend, and imagined the MARKISS in forgiving mood, with one arm round the back of the full-bottomed wig.

Then blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears.

But it was a sultry night; the exertion was foregone, and KIMBERLEY fortuitously following his pleasantly unemotional manner restored the equilibrium.

By-and-by, when division was called, the MARKISS, himself again, sat and watched his followers trooping into the lobby against him. Since the historic scene wherein PEEL watched the flower of his party gather into the hostile lobby on the Protection question, no such wholesale desertion of a chief has been seen in the Conservative ranks. By three to one the chair was withdrawn from the alderwoman just as she was about to sit down.

"A bitter disappointment," said SARK, "an unforgettable grief. Reminds me of an inscription read somewhere upon tombstone, dedicated to another sort of infant. Forget the exact lines; run something like this:



THE SUSCEPTIBLE MARKISS AT IT AGAIN.

The Chancellor (in horror at "these goings on"). "A-a-ah! Horrible! Take her away! take her away!"

"O precious gift, the Commons' dower,
Called hence by early doom;
Came but to show how sweet a flower
The Lords forbade to bloom."

Business done.—Alderwomen vetoed by 182 votes against 68.

Tuesday.—ASQUITH'S speech on moving rejection of Clerical Tithes Bill a model of debating. Spoke for just half an hour. When he sat down audience felt nothing left unsaid. Not a superfluous sentence, not a supererogatory word. Hammer, hammer, all along, and every blow hit head of nail.

Rather hard lines for WALTER LONG immediately to follow, particularly under circumstances of the hour. As a rule good Conservatives back up their leaders in any circumstances. The worse a bill or resolution be the more vociferously they cheer. But they cannot away with the Tithes Bill. Only last Session CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER demonstrated what he called its impracticability. Indefensible in itself, it is brought in at the worst of all possible times. "Giving away the Church with a pound of tea," is the way the Conservative member for Stockport puts it.

WALTER LONG is, through no fault of his own, the Sorrowful Man of the Cabinet. When anything peculiarly unpopular has to be done it is placed in his charge. When he retires from the Ministry there shall be written on his political tombstone: "He muzzled the dogs and had charge of the Clerical Tithes Bill." Galantly did his best to-night; endeavour hopeless. Well for him his back was turned to the Treasury Bench, so that he might not see the countenances of his esteemed colleagues, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Secretary for the Colonies. As he stumbled along, clutching at Mr. GLADSTONE for comfort, showing how lamentably ignorant, hopelessly wrong, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER WAS

when last session he declared against legislation on the subject, PRINCE ARTHUR drooped lower and lower on the bench, DON JOSÉ, after much restless movement, could stand it no longer, and left the bench; whilst ST. MICHAEL withdrew himself into the company of All Angels, communing with them in their own language.

Climax reached later in the sitting when WHITELEY renounced the Government and all its works, protesting his intention of resigning his seat as soon as he had delivered his soul by voting against the bill.

"You remember Lord MELBOURNE'S suggestion in times of difficulty?" SARK asked PRINCE ARTHUR. "'Can't we leave it alone?' So easy, wouldn't it have been?"

"No," PRINCE ARTHUR hoarsely whispered, with a furtive look towards COUSIN CRANBORNE enthroned below the gangway.

Business done.—Tithes Bill debated.

Thursday.—COURTNEY can stand it no longer. To-night he up and publicly gave PRINCE ARTHUR notice. It's not a matter of wages nor a question of beer. It's that dratted Tithes Bill.

"Which you know very well," said Mr. COURTNEY, the brass buttons blazing with indignation at the back of his blue coat, "we Liberal Unionists have had a good deal to put up with. We are regarded by you Conservatives as necessary evils. You make use of us to win seats where you couldn't command a majority yourself. But you don't like us, and I'm not sure that we love you. It is true you found places in the Ministry for JESSE COLLINGS and General POWELL WILLIAMS, D.S.O. But we below the gangway are not to be played because they draw quarterly cheques, and wear rich raiment at official feasts. We joined you to save the Union, and will stand by you if it be again attacked. But that doesn't mean we are bound to help you in all your dirty little



PROVERBS REVISED.

"One is better than Two."

Mother. "YOU ARE A VERY NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL!"

Little Girl (after some thought). "AREN'T YOU GLAD I WASN'T TWINS, MUMMY!"

Tory tricks. So take a month's notice and look out for another man."

Business done.—Second reading of Tithes Bill carried by majority of 138.

Friday.—"Often heard about the Woman with a Past," said ST. MICHAEL, looking over the division list of the Tithes Bill. "I'm a CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER with a Past. Condition of things opposed; but the situation is equally embarrassing. My past was spent in the purity of finance. Up to a certain date I had earned the esteem, not to say the affection, of the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. Look at me now! First of all I chip the hitherto impregnable rock of the Sinking Fund—I who in the past have exceeded all others in holding it immaculate. Next I am a party to transferring one half of the burden of the tithe rent-charge to the shoulder of the taxpayer, already loaded (also through my agency) with £1,700,000 per annum

credited to British Landlords, a special dole of £300,000 for Irish ditto, and a subsidy of £600,000 a-year to the denominational schools. This is in confidence, dear TOBY, and I'm sure you won't let it go further. But, tell you what, in the dead unhappy night, when the rain is on the roof—even when it isn't—I don't sleep well. If you happen to know a Woman with a Past who would like to change her lot with a CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER similarly situated perhaps you will let me have her address."

Business done.—Irish Votes in Committee of Supply.

AN ASSERTION REQUIRING CONFIRMATION (in some quarters).—We don't want to fight—!

THE BEST GAME FOR JUNIOR BARRISTERS TO PLAY.—Follow my leader.

THE BAR AND ITS MOANING.

I AM watching, I am waiting,
And my hair is growing grey,
For it is exasperating,
That no business comes my way.

Other men in briefs may revel
When successfully they plead,
I am only a poor "devil,"
Often worked but never fee'd.

E'en the bank-clerk in the city
Has a salary that's small,
But we Juniors, more 's the pity,
Don't make anything at all.

Living still on false pretences,
Since the truth we dare not own,
Some not earning their expenses
If the facts were truly known.

And meantime the years are flying,
Bringing changes p'raps for some,
Not for me tho', I'm relying
On the practice that's to come.

A CASE FOR CHARITY.—"It was a thin House, members having gone to dinner." How pathetic! But when the members who had gone to dinner returned therefrom there would be a stout majority. Yet how piteous must have been the expression of the members who had composed the "thin" house and who had not yet dined! And how unkind and selfish on the part of the dining members not to invite their less-well-provided fellows to partake of their feasting.



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.—No. 20.

THE "SIR ALMA" PAINTING CHAIR.

An exquisite seat of Romanesque design, originally of Dutch origin, inlaid with marble and English gold coins in profusion. This is now a thoroughly British Chair, and is greatly admired when on show at Burlington House. The many fine designs of this piece have been recently recognised in a prominent manner by Her Gracious Majesty the Queen.